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RT. REV. JOHN SHANLEY, D. D.,  
Bishop of Fargo, North Dakota,  
Spiritual Director of the Students' Retreat.

## Battle.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07.

DAWN bares a silver sabre in the east,  
 A million blades soon follow to the quest;  
 But now the day is o'er, the din has ceased,  
 One crimson blade waves faintly in the west.

## An Unhonored Patriot.

JOHN M. RYAN, '06.



HERE is at least one among the makers of early American history who has never received the full measure of credit and honor which he deserved; one, too, who gave as much if not more than any other to her cause. Not only the eight long years of privation and struggle, but also all that remained of his life's happiness after the contest was over and freedom won did he devote to his country's service. No one who has ever looked into the facts can honestly say history has done him justice. All must admit that historians seem to have conspired to give him the least possible mention. It is true, some few have stated in a footnote or by other means that he was almost Washington's equal. This man was Nathaniel Greene.

Born near Warwick, Rhode Island, of Quaker parentage, in the year 1741, he passed his youth at home with his parents. He, like one of our most notable presidents, acquired through many sacrifices and hard, persistent efforts a good English education coupled with a knowledge of history, Latin and mathematics. The only trait of his character as a youth mentioned by his biographers was manifested in play with his companions. Greene was by far the fastest runner in the town, yet instead of making this known by boasting or any other outward signs he allowed his companions to acknowledge and publish by common consent his superiority. In no other respect contrary to the general hero did he show traces of his future greatness. The old saying "The size of the oak can not be foretold from the acorn," is very applicable; for, if

we except his love of study and application, there were certainly no marks of genius in the child to predict the eminence of the man. As soon as he was capable he took charge of one of his father's shops. Here he worked as a blacksmith until the year 1770. Then he moved to Coventry, and it was from this place he entered the State Assembly and took part in all the political agitations until the beginning of the war.

Immediately after the battle of Bunker Hill, Greene was chosen to lead the Rhode Island division of the Continental army. But it was not until after the struggle on Long Island that he began to figure in Washington's council. It was upon Greene's advice that Washington fell back to and held White Plains. When the retreat toward Philadelphia began it was Greene who held the British in check at Hackensack, while Washington was leading the other divisions of the army across the river. Although second in command during Washington's immortal midwinter raid, it was at Brandywine that Greene proved himself a general of the first rank.

Here, the British by a flank movement were dislodging and driving before them the right wing of the Continental forces. Success in this move meant the utter rout and probable annihilation of Washington's little army. Greene was ordered to support the threatened point. By a wonderful display of military strategy he marched his division five miles in forty-five minutes, and sustained the entire British assault until Washington had sufficient time to change the position of the whole army. A similar feat at Chickamauga in the civil war immortalized Thomas, yet Greene does not receive even a mention in the ordinary histories, although in his case there was far more at stake.

After the battle of Germantown and the dreadful winter of Valley Forge until the year 1780 General Greene tried by every possible means to supply the army with the necessities of life. It was as a special favor to Washington that he accepted the position of Quartermaster-General; an office at that time requiring great intelligence, activity, and labor. He performed the task so well that Washington declared the colonies had in him an able, upright and diligent servant.

During the excitement that arose through Arnold's treason and the trial of Major André, General Greene was a central figure, being president of the trial board and principal negotiator between Generals Clinton and Washington. After the trial he was placed in command of West Point, a post for the possession of which England had waged and lost the bloodiest battle of the whole struggle. It was to gain that fortification that Burgoyne made his immortal campaign from Canada, and fought the battle of Saratoga where the colonies gained not only a complete victory but European recognition and French assistance. Important as was the possession and safety of West Point, the connecting link between the New England and Central colonies, Washington had a still more difficult and at the same time apparently hopeless task for his able assistant.

In December of the year 1780 General Greene was selected by Washington to take command in the South. The situation there at that time was enough to dishearten the most optimistic of men. General Gates had just met a disgraceful defeat. All Georgia and South Carolina were under British control and overrun by murderous Tories. In this part of the country the cause had always appeared hopeless, but now through the defeat and cowardly conduct of Gates, it was truly desperate. The fact that Washington when asked by Congress to send a capable man into this section unhesitatingly selected Green, shows the standing of that general better than volumes of written matter. That act alone was enough, for Washington well knew the consequences of another Camden. Cornwallis was wresting the South, colony by colony, from the Federation. He had a well-equipped and disciplined army, four thousand strong, elated by victories, and constantly augmented by treacherous Tories. The Southern Continental army, on the other hand, consisted at best of two thousand five hundred half-fed, scantily clothed men, cast down by constant defeat, and largely defiant of military discipline. Success in the face of these difficulties should prove to any impartial judge that Greene was a first-class general. Moreover, the appointment was made by the man best fitted to judge.

General Greene hastened at once to his new post. Unlike his predecessor he saw his only hope was to harrass the enemy and cut off as much as possible their supplies. In order, therefore, the better to carry out this plan he sectioned off his little army. The first hard blow that resulted from these tactics, and the one which changed the entire Southern situation, was struck at Cowpens.

Tarleton, a British General, had been sent by Cornwallis to forage and devastate the Whigs' property. He had in his command about one thousand men. General Greene commissioned Colonels Morgan and Washington to unite their divisions and resist Tarleton. Both forces, now about equal, met and fought at Cowpens. Tarleton rejoined his chief with two hundred of his command, while Morgan led the victorious Continentals rapidly northward. Cornwallis, enraged by this defeat immediately burned all cumbersome baggage and started after "the rebels," as he called them, to wreak a bloody revenge. Greene, by Napoleonic genius and rapid marching, united all his forces; at the same time keeping out of his enemies' reach. Then began a retreat that under similar circumstances has never had its equal.

It was made in the winter season under every disadvantage. Greene's troops without sufficient food or clothing marched barefooted twenty-five or thirty miles a day through a country filled with royalists who did everything that hatred could devise to delay or mislead them, and to aid their hotly pressing enemy who had a larger army, perfectly equipped, amply provisioned, and eager for revenge. From early morning till late at night over hills and valleys, through rivers and swamps, for a distance of two hundred miles, across the State of North Carolina, Greene urged on his men in this unequal race. A single mistake meant the utter rout and loss of his little army together with the hopes of the South. Hardly had Cornwallis driven his enemy across the dam and returned to Hillsborough to gather the Tories about him than he unexpectedly found Greene at his side blocking his enterprises and capturing his supplies. In vain he pursued or retreated, wherever he went Greene was there to

oppose his efforts or thwart his schemes.

At length Greene was strong enough to risk an engagement. The armies met at Guilford Court-house. After an all-day fight Greene withdrew a vanquished victor. He retreated, but had by no means received the worst of the battle. It was if anything a Pyrrhic victory for Cornwallis. So great was the British loss that Charles Fox, the colonial minister of England, said: "Another such victory would destroy the British army." Greene furthermore lost less than half the men Cornwallis did. Knowing he could accomplish his purpose without sacrificing his little army Greene retreated, to begin the very next day his "Fabian tactics." It was by this means that Cornwallis was finally overcome, that he was at length forced to retreat and fortify himself in Wilmington, and that the cause in the South was won. Leaving Cornwallis at his fortifications Greene marched his army southward. He explained this action to Congress with the words: "I am determined to carry the war into South Carolina. The enemy will either be obliged to follow us or give up the posts in that State." If the former took place it would take the war out of North Carolina and keep Cornwallis in the South; by the latter the British would lose more in the South than they could gain in Virginia. Everyone knows that Cornwallis did not follow and that Greene in a short, vigorous campaign drove all the British forces of South Carolina and Georgia into Charleston, where, protected by the fleet, they remained until the treaty was signed.

After the war General Greene was presented with two large estates by the grateful Southerners; one in Georgia, which he made his home, and the other in South Carolina. In spite of these rich gifts we learn that he was harrassed and troubled until death by two enormous debts. These were accumulated during the war. One was caused through the treachery of an army contractor for whom he had been security, and the other he himself contracted trying to feed and clothe his soldiers. No doubt had Greene lived long enough Congress, which up to that time had been struggling for its own existence, would have as soon as possible assumed the burden. He died of sunstroke

at his Georgia home in the year 1786. Not only does his grave lack a monument to recall his deeds and valor, but it is even unmarked and unknown. He is the least honored of all our great heroes, and yet he had but one superior.

As to his personal character little is known. His contemporaries describe him as a man of sound judgment, great discretion unrelenting energy and courage always prepared to take advantage of a fortunate affair and to lessen as much as possible the evil effects of every unfavorable one. He was loved by his officers and men with whom he shared every hardship. More than once he is known to have taken a censure rather than cast the blame upon others; and this too when he merited praise rather than blame. He was a man formed by his age and well suited to it. Had the Revolution been earlier or later he would have been a successful business man and a good citizen. Of his statesmanship we have but one account, and that is from the lips of Alexander Hamilton, a man well fitted to judge. He says: "General Greene was as good a statesman as general."

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#### Tenement Walls.

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JOHN F. SHEA, '06.

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NO glorious chant invades my song,  
For I sing of the days that are dreary, long;  
Of a wan face pressed to a grimy pane  
And tired eyes looking down the lane,  
The endless lane of endless pain  
'Mid tenement walls of brick.

No green fields greet the longing eye,  
At best there's but a patch of sky;  
A murky, sodden, gloomy mass  
Across the sight of tired eyes pass,  
A vapory mass of poisonous gas  
O'erhanging walls of brick.

No wild flower perfume lingers there  
To ease the weary soul of care;  
Before their hungry, cheated eyes  
The weeds that you and I despise  
Would grow unto a treasured prize  
'Mid gloomy walls of brick.

No feathered songster comes in May  
To gladden hearts with warbles gay,  
For every month in autumn here  
Joy has faded, life is sear;  
Death is ever stalking near  
The gloomy walls of brick.

Varsity Verse.

HEART-CLASP.

WHEN friend extends the hand to friend  
Not fingers merely then should touch:  
The heart to friendship warmth will lend  
Where palm meets palm and fingers clutch.  
H. B. MacC.

LIMERICKS.

There once was a woman named Clingham  
Who was washing some clothes made of gingham.  
'Cause the clothes wouldn't dry  
She started to cry  
Till her husband in rage, yelled out "Wringham."

\* \*

There once was a woman called Ider  
Who fell inside a barrel of cider.  
But this woman was brave,  
And her life she did save  
By drinking the cider outside her inside her.  
J. F. S.

NUTTING - TIME.

The hickory trees lift naked boughs  
Against the steel-blue sky  
The little squirrels frisk up and down  
With business in their eye.  
C. L.

GLOOM.

That time of all is not most dark  
When moon and stars withhold their light;  
The trusted heart when cold and stark  
Turns sunlit day to darkest night.  
H. B. MacC.

DRY MEASURE.

There once was a rooster in Teck  
Who later got his in the neck:  
He asked, one bright morn  
His wife for some corn,  
And she lovingly gave him a peck.  
J. F. S.

A MODERN INSTANCE.

Home they brought the warrior dead:  
She nor swooned nor uttered cry:  
She was a modern college Co-ed:  
He missed one goal; he ought to die.  
S. F. R.

THE MOON.

Although, fair queen, thou'rt not so bright  
As he that rules the day,  
Thy power and beauty come at night  
When he withdraws his sway.  
W. C. O'B.

A LIMITATION.

The Wind can turn the leaves in Nature's book  
Red leaves, as you've been told;  
But can not, like that miser, old, Jack Frost,  
At will, turn leaves to gold. O'D.

The Illusions of Peggy.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '06.

She was a friend of the family on my mother's side; that is, whereas Peggy was from up the country and my father was a "far-downer" they agreed very well on all subjects except as to what was best for Ireland; here they never failed to strike fire. Fifty years had already written their record in the wrinkles of Peggy's face since the land of her love had sunk behind the rim of ocean before her dimmed eyes; that was when I first knew her, but the vision of Erin, green and fresh, had never left her heart.

Closely related to this sympathy with the land of her birth, indeed, a very part of it, was a deep religious faith that never rusted for want of exercise. She hadn't much of the world's goods, but what she had was less hers than it was any poor person's who might ask it of her. Of course, she stood well in a spiritual way, and she was just as generous of her store here; the poor souls were as real to her as her neighbors across the fence, and certainly a great deal less touchy. For Mrs. Margaret Brendan, or Peggy as we always called her, was, with all her good qualities, not exactly a disembodied spirit; indeed, some went so far as to say she was a disembodied tongue. As a matter of approximate fact, she was never known to yield first honors to anyone when the issue became one of vocabulary. I honestly believe, however, she always was earnestly trying to get rid of the habit which native abilities so qualified her to maintain. Nevertheless, the story is told that one day when on the way home from confession she met a crony of hers with whom she had lately had a falling out; she was on the point of passing her old acquaintance silently by when that worthy securely chirped out:

"Good - afternoon, Mrs. Brendan; is it pebbles you have in your shoes?"

"Good-afternoon, Mrs. Hennessy," snapped the penitential Peggy. "It's a good thing for you I'm in the grace of God to-day, but to-morrow, with the help of God, I won't be, and then look out." Yet, these

are the little ones of the faith and of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Peggy's piety was of the kind that haunts holy places. She never missed Mass a single day—with the necessary exceptions, of course—during all the years I knew her. Indeed she was wont to make additional visits to the church every day of her life. I used to know her spiritual horarium pretty well, but separation of late years forces me to rely on a vagabond memory for the facts of this account. It would be impossible to narrate, even if memory stood me well, all the interesting experiences of Peggy's devotional life. She was of the kind that is forever "seeing things." I don't know how it was with regard to her spiritual sight, but as to the eyes of her body I know she was exceedingly nearsighted. I'd put more faith in the perception she declared she had on the first anniversary of her son's death that, at the Elevation in the Mass on that day, a great load was lifted from her heart than in the vision she said she had of a tall priest in black vestments coming out on the altar one afternoon to "read Mass."

Seldom could one meet her but she would have some experience like this to relate. One time she heard a great racket under the floor of the church while she was at her devotions. With a tighter grip on the beads, however, she went on her way around the stations. Twilight was deep in the church when, still puzzled over the noise, because there was no basement to the building, she started down the main aisle to depart. She had taken only a few steps when suddenly she saw rising out of the floor before her a little, black, shapeless figure which seemed to her "the very divil himself." Clutching at a bench for support, she was about to open up on the evil one, but in a minute he had come out of the aperture in the floor and had turned facing her, then she knew him for one of the city plumbers; he had just been fixing the gaspipes below and was not yet condemned to that occupation for all eternity.

At another time when she was coming out of the church she saw on either side of the door in front of her two black objects which, as she gazed upon them, grew higher and higher till their top became lost in the very frescoes of the ceiling. Again, after a gen-

erous sprinkling broadcast of the holy water Peggy stepped resolutely forward, saying to herself, "Now, Margaret Brendan, you'll never be able to say another prayer in this church if you don't find out what's ferninst you. So I went up," she said, "and put out my hand and, lo and behold you, the minute I did they came down to the height of it, and what were they but the two supports the undertaker sets a coffin on during the Mass. Bad 'cess to Kelly." (There had been a funeral from the church the day before, and Mr. Kelly had conducted it.)

In this connection I might say that Peggy was a widow and had buried her youngest son in his sixteenth year; and though there was always sunshine on her face I believe there was perpetual shadow in her heart. Johnnie Brendan, the finest lad I ever expect to know, was to have left for the seminary in September, though his mother, for some inexplicable reason, mightily opposed his going. But instead of that separation she had the agony, one fair summer day, of seeing her boy brought in dead to her house, drowned in the river while sporting with some young companions. Hers was a grief such as one seldom learns of in a lifetime. "My Johnnie," she moaned all through her long sickness that followed his taking off. And when she was able to be out she sobbed the same words above the snow on his grave. Her anguish never abated during that endless first year, not till the memorable Mass at which she "was told not to cry any more, for Johnnie was happy."

That was many years ago, but she has never ceased to visit her son's grave, whether spring is balmy there or winter has laid it white with snow; there she watches the passage of the seasons, summer with falling rose-petals and autumn folding its flocks of brown leaves. The last visit she made to our house, in fact, was on the way home from one of these pilgrimages; as usual she had an experience to relate.

"Do you know, I couldn't find Johnnie's grave to-day," she began as soon as she was within lung-shot of the place; "or, I found it and it wasn't it." Hardly noticing our puzzled looks, she went on, when she had laid aside her bonnet: "I went in the way I always go and up to Johnnie's grave;

after kneeling awhile I got up, and, lo and behold you, I was up to my neck in flowers—big, white flowers, smelling like the Garden of Eden. "Woman," says I to myself, "you're dreaming." But I put out my hand and touched them. Still I knew it was strange. Is this Johnnie's grave at all, I wondered. Then I thought of the lump of glass at the head and said to myself, 'I'll stoop down and feel if the glass is there and if it is I'll know this is Johnnie Brendan's grave.' I stooped down; the lump was there, big and hard and rough; then I rose up, but the flowers were gone. Maybe it's a sign I'll be lying soon myself between the old man and my boy Johnnie."

Then she cried a little, but was laughing soon after. In a little while my father came in, and I left them discussing the ups and downs of the recent Land Bill in Parliament.

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Oliver Goldsmith.

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HENRY M. KEMPER, '05.

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(CONTINUED.)

Most critics prefer the "Traveller" to its "idylized" copy, on account of its greater unity and deeper personality. In his second composition the poet has a wider scope for painting nature and depicting scenes which, through their greater familiarity, excite a readier sympathy. It is not unlikely that Goldsmith owed some inspiration to Shenstone's "Schoolmistress" inasmuch as many lines exhibit a striking similarity. We have as little assurance for saying that the village schoolmaster is a portrait of the Lishoy pedagogue as we have for supposing that the pastor represents Goldsmith's brother, or father, or uncle. Pleased with the picture, we are unconcerned about its model. Many competent writers do not hesitate to affirm that the village pastor is one of the most beautiful and complete descriptions in heroic poetry. Certain it is, that herein are struck the most varied and sympathetic chords in the human heart. In fact, the poem throughout abounds in humor and pathos, in love and sadness, with no harsh or unnatural transition. Now we are boys, and now we are men; at one time joyful, at another grave.

Much futile discussion has arisen upon the location of Auburn. Some try to identify it with an English village of that name (more commonly spelt Albourne), and others carry their researches to the Irish town of Lishoy. Lord Macaulay thinks that "The Deserted Village" is a hopelessly incongruous poem; but Irving, in his conciliating manner, seeks to establish harmony by making the obverse, or bright side, English, and the reverse, Irish. It should not be amiss to add that Goldsmith scorned mint-like precision, and followed his standard of the ideal in his works no less than in his life.

Soon after publishing his "Deserted Village" Goldsmith journeyed through France with Mrs. Horneck and her two daughters; but to judge from his letters he did not enjoy this valet-encumbered tour so well as his pedestrian ramble. On the poet's return to England, Sir Reynolds gratefully secured for him the nominal chair of Ancient History in the Royal Academy of Painting. It was an office conferring little honor and bestowing no reward.

In 1772 Goldsmith, in addition to his Temple quarters rented a cottage called by him the "Shoemaker's Paradise," about eight miles down the Edgware road. Here he compiled a "History of Rome" in two volumes, a "History of England" in four, and a "History of the Earth and Animated Nature" in eight. He spent four years on this last work, and during its progress received £850. As a scientific treatise it is practically worthless; for, as Johnson says, the poet knew scarcely enough about Zoölogy to distinguish a horse from a cow; but as a compilation it is enduring by virtue of its style.

Before this "History of Animated Nature" was completed, Goldsmith had published his second comedy. None of his productions encountered more difficulties or won greater applause. There was but a single incident in the playwright's favor, and that was the growing dislike for sentimental plays, which reaction Foote had promoted by his satirical drama enacted just one month before the performance of "She Stoops to Conquer." If Johnson and Reynolds harbored misgivings against the success of their friend's comedy, Mr. Colman made no secret of his diffidence. While as proprietor of Covent

Garden he expended no money for new costumes and scenery, as manager he infused such distrust into the minds of the players that the best of them forsook their parts, fearing that the drama would not be reproduced. After a tedious delay which racked the poet's mind and left him sunken in debt, the play was finally staged on the 15th of March, 1773. Having undergone such countless vexations, Goldsmith could not refrain from writing to a friend that he was "very sick of the stage." One of the first difficulties he had to encounter was to find an appropriate name for his comedy. To extricate the poet from this quandary, at one of the Club assemblies, Sir Reynolds proposed "The Belle's Stratagem," another suggested "The Old House a New Inn;" but the final selection rested with the twofold title "She Stoops to Conquer; or The Mistakes of a Night." A graver embarrassment was the securing of friends to write the conventional prologue and epilogue. The former task was readily accepted by Garrick; but the latter was a source of bitter contention among author, manager and actors, until Goldsmith himself, after two fruitless attempts, succeeded in giving general satisfaction.

Considering the many oppositions Goldsmith had to endure we may well excuse his despondency. Just previous to the first representation of "She Stoops to Conquer," at a dinner given by Sir Reynolds, the painter and friends sought to enliven the author's spirits; but their efforts were ineffectual. From Sir Joshua's home the Club members departed for Covent Garden, where, by preconcerted agreement, they dispersed and awaited Dr. Johnson's signal to applaud. Goldsmith, however, did not accompany them. Gloomy and fearful he wandered aimlessly to St. James' Park. Here an acquaintance chanced to meet him and persuaded him that it would be for the best interest of himself and his play to attend the performance. In complying with this well-intended advice it was Goldsmith's misfortune on entering the stage door to be pierced by the exceptional hiss provoked by the deception practised on Mrs. Hardcastle whereby she imagines herself fifty miles from home, though she has not left her premises. Thus painfully greeted the

author hastened to Colman to inquire the cause. The manager, abashed at the unfounded prejudice he had shown, replied: "Pshaw! Doctor, don't be afraid of a squib, when we have been sitting these two hours on a barrel of gunpowder." No criticism was more undeserved. "She Stoops to Conquer" proved a continual round of laughter for the audience and a lucrative source of income for the author. While the journals lauded Goldsmith's death blow to sentimentalism in the most flattering terms, they heaped such opprobrium upon Colman's hypercritical judgment that he besought the poet "to take him off the rack of newspapers."

Against the storm of applause accorded the author there were but two or three dissenting voices. One of them, truth to tell, was Horace Walpole, whose censure can be palliated only by the attack Goldsmith had made upon the romancer's father. Another carper was Mr. Griffiths for whose *Monthly Review* the poet had drudged and moiled to loathesomeness. But most reprehensible of all was a sneaking censor in Evans' *London Packet*, who is thought to have been the envious, snarling, unsuccessful playwright; Dr. Kenrick. An officious Irishman, no less pugnacious than imprudent, showed the offending paper to Goldsmith. Likely enough the poet would have disregarded the affront had not a reference been made to "the lovely H.—K.," Mary Horneck, of whom an unfounded rumor supposed him to be enamored. Angered at this insult and incited by his countryman, the poet, in lieu of the anonymous writer, sought the editor. The Doctor stated his mission, and as Mr. Evans stooped over the desk to peruse the article Goldsmith dealt him a blow with his cane. A struggle ensued in which the poet would have fared ill had he not accidentally smashed a lamp over his head and thus drenched both himself and his opponent. At this crisis Dr. Kenrick entered from an adjoining room and took the oil-steeped author home. Evans was dissuaded from appealing to law on Goldsmith's condition to pay £50 in charity as the editor should specify. The papers made so much sport of the incident that Goldsmith published a letter in *The Daily Advertiser* in which, though he ably protested against the

nameless abusers of the press, he but poorly revealed his discretion.

Such imprudence linked with improvidence accumulated debt and misery. To escape the latter and at the same time benefit his health, Goldsmith took a short trip to Bath; to liquidate the former he attempted many things but to no avail. In the first place, he proposed to modify his "Good-natured Man" for David Garrick. In preference to this the actor engaged him to write a new comedy and advanced him £60, though the play was never begun. As a second expedient, more culpable than this omission of duty, he compiled a school anthology, which defeated its purpose by his insertion of an unbecoming tale. Finally, and perhaps the most ill-fated of all his undertakings, was his ambitious "Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences" for which, trusting in the assured co-operation of his friends, he had issued a prospectus at his personal expense; but, great as his own enthusiasm was, his associates lacked all incentive, and the enterprise was abandoned. We can not with any degree of certainty claim for Goldsmith the authorship of a "History of Greece" in two volumes published under his name after his death. Almost as little is known or said of his minor poetical works such as, "The Captivity," "Double Transformation," "Threnodia Augustalis," "Haunch of Venison," several prologues and epilogues and some versified epistles. The last of the poet's productions was his posthumous "Retaliation." He was urged to this composition at one of the meetings of the Club when all the members, except Johnson and Burke, extemporized an epitaph on him. At the very next assembly Goldsmith read his "Retaliation," which for brief, witty, and accurate portrayal has scarcely an equal. If the epitaph on Garrick is most realistic, that on Reynolds is the most affectionate. Unfortunately Dr. Johnson is not mentioned. Still more is it to be regretted that the Doctor did not extend his "Lives of the Poets" so as to include that of Goldsmith whom he knew and befriended perhaps better than anyone else did.

The meeting at which Goldsmith read his "Retaliation" was the last he attended, and of all those who were present he was the first to be resigned to the grave. The poet's

health was considerably impaired by his intermittent exertions, his sedentary habits, his insurmountable debts, and consequent dejection. He wished to escape from siren London, and for ten months in the year "husband out life's taper" at some tranquil country home; but before he could carry his project into effect he was stricken by a fever and forced to his bed on March 25, 1774. Disregarding the admonitions of doctors and friends he drugged himself with James' powders and thus aggravated his illness. On the 3d of April, the doctor felt his pulse and asked: "Is your mind at ease?" "No, it is not," were the last words of the poor self-sacrificing Oliver. In the gloom of the morning's dawn he lay a pallid corpse with the lineaments of charity, goodness and simplicity embossed on his features by the cold finger of death. When the Hon. Burke heard the news he wept bitterly, and Sir Reynolds in token of his grief laid aside his brush and palette for the day. An army of paupers, whom Goldsmith had served like a father, climbed the Temple stairway to take a last, pitiful look at their loving benefactor. Miss Mary Horneck, moved by affliction no less than by friendship, had the poet's coffin reopened to secure a lock of his hair, which tender memento she treasured to her dying day.

Oliver Goldsmith was privately buried in the ground of the Temple Church, but the precise spot is to this day unknown. A monument, erected two years later in his honor at Westminster Abbey, bears Johnson's epitaph. Though a public funeral had been arranged the plan was forsaken,—in deference, no doubt, to the author's many creditors whose claim is by some estimated at two thousand pounds, and by others at twice that sum. Well could Johnson exclaim: "Was ever a poet so trusted!" It was no neap of recognition or ebb of fortune that stranded the poet on the shores of want; the springtide of prosperity was his vortex of misery. Irving, in his persistent effort to exonerate Goldsmith from blame, ascribes his debts to loans on contracted works, to charity, profusion, and improvidence; but in defending the poet's integrity he overlooks a bias to pleasure and a descent in penury.

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CHAS. L. O'DONNELL, '06	EUGENE P. BURKE, '06
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WILLIAM A. BOLGER, '07	JOHN C. MCGINN, '06
THOMAS E. BURKE, '07	LEO J. COONTZ, '07
WESLEY J. DONAHUE, '07	

—The past week was an unusually noteworthy one at Notre Dame, and rightly so, for the annual retreat is more than a mere event—it is a landmark in our spiritual life. And seldom indeed are we honored with such a distinguished cleric as he who directed this year's exercises. The Rt. Rev. John Shanley, D. D., is the Bishop of Fargo, North Dakota, and one of the best-known churchmen of America. He is a man of splendid presence and original personality, and his power as a preacher, supplemented by his experience as a missionary, renders him an ideal conductor of a retreat.

Of course the good derived by any individual from such a retreat as the one of the past week depends almost entirely on personal effort. The spiritual director, though an important factor, is of minor importance. Still, judging from the serious spirit with which the exercises were entered into and the attention paid to the Bishop's earnest exhortations, the retreat this year has been singularly successful and the entire student body are much the better for it.

—Halloween has come and gone with its stolen gates and irate property holders, its consumption of moldy apples and destruc-

tion of inoffensive pumpkins. It is rather an odd thing that "Old Nick" should be picked out as the legitimate forerunner of "All Saints," but then it is only a repetition of the survival of the fittest, the natural succession of sunshine after the rain, glory after the gloom.

—"What shall I read?" is a question which often arises in the student's mind, but does not always receive due consideration. The key that unlocks the door to success is specialization. The knowledge we acquire in the class-room is in the main only superficial because it is not the result of our own labor. That alone is ours which we have gained by individual thinking. Hence the importance of reading—reading coupled with sound thinking.

The number of books one might read is legion, so the student must make his selection. Every one knows his special wants and weak points. The former must be supplied, the latter strengthened. Fifteen minutes a day is the least one should spend in the company of books: jot down the important ideas; give them a half-hour of earnest and serious thought; make the thoughts your own; weave them in your own mental fabric.

—In the light of recent events we beg leave to amend a time-honored saying. It is now "Scratch a Tartar and you'll find a man." Czar Nicholas has been scratched rather deeply and proven himself a man by signing away, despite the protests of his advisers, a part of that which is dear to the heart of every man, power. The oppressed people of Russia have at last secured some of the political liberties which have been strangers to them for five hundred years; and all through the direct agency of the much-feared "yellow peril." Truly it is an ill wind that blows no one good.

—We have almost come to the parting of the political ways. One thing is certain, that there must soon be a new alignment of parties. The Democratic with its too radical reforms and the Republican with its cowardly conservatism have about outlived

their days of usefulness. The cherished ideals of Jefferson and Jackson seem to be inadequate to meet the needs of present conditions, therefore, the sooner the split-up comes the better for honesty in our government.

—Alas, Liberty, in the person of the American Eagle, is being tramped under foot thousands of times a day, and that too in the mosaic floor of the new Federal Building in Chicago. It behooves Postmaster Coyne to protest to the authorities at Washington, and call for prompt action, for the historic "bird" may become so accustomed to its lowly position that it will never rise from the ranks of the downtrodden.

—The characterization by a Michigan state senator's wife of the body in which her husband sits as "a grafter's paradise" might be very aptly applied to the national as well as the state senate. At no time has the conspicuous absence of really representative men in the United States Senate been brought so forcibly before the public than in the President's present difficulty in securing railroad rate regulations. The plan for electing the national senators by popular vote may not be such a dream after all.

—The recent bequest of two hundred thousand dollars in cash to Iowa State Agricultural college by a former student, who worked his way through school, ought to arouse more thought on the subject of endowments. Vast libraries are built and great sums are annually expended in purchasing works on archæology, sociology, economics and a hundred other branches of knowledge for the higher education of many poor mortals who would much rather read the current magazines or still more current newspapers. And the only gain derived is to prove beyond a doubt the truth of the saying that you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, while indigent students are heavily handicapped by the lack of scholarships which the money so foolishly squandered would amply provide.

True it is that there is not the same substantial memorial of the check when one makes a gift to a college as when one builds

a library, but the good done is far more real and tangible. It may also be that some of our multi-millionaires, themselves so experienced in such matters, do not wish to put in the hands of college trustees such a power for evil as money is. In that regard Bacon very sagely says: "The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall; but in charity there is no excess, neither can angel or man come in danger by it." It is indeed few of our colleges that are doomed to destruction on that account.

#### Concert.

Perhaps the daintiest musical recital thus far presented to the students this school year was that rendered by the Ernest Gamble Party in Washington Hall last week. The company consisted of Mr. Ernest Gamble, Basso-Cantante; Miss Verna Page, Violiniste; and Mr. Sam Lamberson, Pianist.

The entertainment was unsurpassed this season. Every number was of a highly interesting character, and the arrangement of the unique libretto exhibited evidence of classic taste and exceptional ability.

Mr. Lamberson opened the programme with the very popular "Marche Militaire" by Schubert-Taussig. In this and the numbers that followed he easily proved himself to be a pianist of no mediocre ability; his remarkable technique being most evident in the rendition of Godard's "Cavalier Fantastique."

Miss Page in her numbers displayed a charming power of expression and rare precision of touch on the violin. Especially were these characteristics noticeable in the "Ave Maria" from Caveleria Rusticano which was the most artistic and the most vividly featured of her selections.

Though all were deservedly enjoyed Mr. Gamble was pre-eminently so, for it was on him that the merits of the concert largely depended. His pleasing stage presence and wonderful basso voice captivated his hearers from the beginning. The first and most fascinating song, "The Bandolero," was by special request, and the brilliant way in which it was given might well make the gallant outlaw himself envious. E. J. K.

## Mines, Minerals and Watercourses.\*

## I.—MINES AND MINING.

From the time of the ratification of the Constitution until about the middle of the present century the policy of our government was to reserve to itself all known mineral lands. But our republican ideals could not long suffer the retention of even this monarchical remnant, and the numerous controversies following the gold madness of 1849 finally culminated in the Act of July 4, 1866. It is then from this first Congressional mining act with its subsequent amendments authorizing the disposal of public lands in the shape of claims that we derive our present system of laws relating to mineral lands.

Taking up the subject proper and dealing with the word in its strict legal sense we may define a mine as a tunnel, shaft, or other excavation made in the earth for the purpose of removing underlying minerals; by which latter term is meant not alone metals but also all substances in or beneath the crust of the earth sought for their intrinsic worth, in which connection salt coal, stone, borax, and even oil and natural rock have been held to be minerals.

In the contemplation of law all forms of valuable mineral "in place" (*in situ*) are embraced in the two subdivisions of "lodes," which are deposits in regular veins or strata through the natural rock, and "placer claims," or ground in which the deposit is found in a loose state in earth, sand, or gravel.

As regards the conditions governing the valid location of claims either "lode" or "placer" there is no distinction. (1) The prime necessary condition is that the land be unappropriated and unoccupied; on which account Congress in grants to railroads and to states always excepts known mines, mineral lands and salines. (2) Furthermore the locator must already be a citizen, or have declared his intention of becoming a citizen, of the United States. (3) And the final condition has to deal with the proper posting of notice and filing a record of the

claim; the manner of fulfilling these prescribed duties, together with the laying out of the boundaries, being regulated for the most part by the statutes of the states and the customary practices of the locality.

A legal location confers upon the claimant the exclusive right to the possession of the surface ground and all the veins of every kind, the tops or apexes of which are within the boundaries marked out. In the case of "placer claims" a tract of no more than twenty acres is allowed to each individual claimant, while in "lode claims" a strip of land fifteen hundred feet in length by six hundred in width laid lengthwise with the vein is allowed to any person or body of persons, with the added right, however, of following the vein in its downward course to a distance of three thousand feet from the point where the tunnel connecting with such vein enters cover.

The next and final step in perfecting possession and acquiring a *fee simple* title to the land thus located, provided of course that the claim has not been lost by abandonment or by forfeiture for failing to make the requisite annual expenditure or perform the "assessment work," is to obtain a patent from the Federal Government.

Preliminary to applying for a patent a government survey must be made and a copy of the plat together with a notice of the intended application must be posted on the claim. The next proceeding is to make application in the land office alleging grounds for making claim, the citizenship of the applicant, and the performance of the assessment work for at least the current year. Notice of the pending application must then be published in the newspaper nearest the claim and be posted in the land office for a period of sixty days. This last being required in order to be allowed the filing of any adverse claim. The adverse claim having been adjudicated, or none having been filed, the locator, on proof of full compliance with the law, has issued to him the patent which vests in him a muniment of title upon which he has the right to rely and depend for peace and security of possession.

## II.—WATERCOURSES.

The treatment of the subject of watercourses along with that of mines and

\* This is the first of a series of monthly law theses which will be published on this page from time to time.

minerals is rendered practically necessary owing to the great extent to which they are used in hydraulic mining, although of course the privilege of employing them for that purpose comes in the nature of riparian and not mining rights.

We may best define a watercourse by enumerating its three chief essentials, which are (1) a definite channel with bed and banks; (2) a usual though not a continuous flow; (3) and, lastly, a permanent source.

Now in taking into consideration the relative riparian rights of proprietors along the same watercourse the rule that a man must so use his property as not to injure that of others prevails. The one and only standard means of determining the liability of an upper owner for a diversion or pollution of the stream is the reasonableness of his use of it. In all the states, especially those in which hydraulic mining is extensive, the doctrine that where the damage inflicted on others is unavoidable in the proper use of the land it is to be considered *damnum absque injuria* (damage without legal injury) generally obtains in cases involving water rights.

But the common-law riparian rights are gradually giving way or being merged in the statutory principles of appropriation in the Western states owing to their peculiar conditions of settlement. The whole general doctrine of appropriation rests on the priority of claims; and as regards the title or interest in the land on which the appropriation is made the provisions of the law are very loose. To constitute a valid appropriation there need be no preliminary notice of intention, the means employed are of no consequence, but there must be an actual use for beneficial purposes. On this last point the statutes are very positive and specific, though it is only on it that they are so. And the law being complied with in this particular the appropriator acquires title to the water,—a title which he may maintain against all but the United States.

These then, in brief, are the laws prevailing in the United States and applicable to the rights of individuals in mines, minerals, and watercourses.

STEPHEN F. RIORDAN, '06.

### Personals.

—Still another honor has come to the Hon. William P. Breen, A. B. '77, A. M. '80, LL. D. '02, of Fort Wayne, Ind. At the inaugural meeting of the Catholic Church Extension Society held last week in Chicago he was elected Treasurer. Mr. Breen, the donor of the coveted gold medal for oratory, is also a prominent Knight of Columbus.

—Father James J. Quinn, of Chatsworth, Ill., has been appointed to take charge of St. Joseph's parish, as successor to the late Dean Thomas Mackin. Father Quinn was born at Tolono, Champaign County, Ill., in 1857; he graduated in the law course of Notre Dame University in 1878, and was ordained priest by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons in 1882.

—Mr. Frederick B. Chute (Litt. B. '92) was a most welcome visitor at the University this week. Fred was a student at Notre Dame for many years, first entering St. Edward's Hall in '85. During his college days military drill was in vogue, and Mr. Chute was probably the most successful commander that ever led his comrades in double quick time across the campus. He and his brother Luke—also an old student—are in the real estate business in Minneapolis,—the former being likewise a prominent member of the local Board of Education.

—Mr. Richard A. Treviño, who last June completed his academic career in mechanical engineering so creditably, is already beginning to reap a golden harvest from his few years of earnest application at Notre Dame. Such are the glad tidings that come to us from the *Mexican Herald* which takes occasion to compliment the industrious alumnus on the flattering reception with which he was honored and the high esteem in which he is being held by his employers and fellow-countrymen. Mr. Treviño, although a citizen of Monterey, went to the Mexican capital to seek employment, and almost at once, despite his youth, was offered the very responsible position of assistant engineer on the street-car system. Every indication points to an enviable future for Richard.

## Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 142; AMERICAN COLLEGE OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY, 0.

That looks good anyway. Rather relieves the feeling after the Wabash game. Although the Varsity had practically no opposition, they certainly had to go some to run up one hundred and forty-two points in thirty-three minutes of play. One hundred and forty-two is plenty, but had we kicked even a fair percentage of goals we would have twenty more points.

The halves were to have been twenty-five and twenty, but the last half was only eight minutes' long, as the "doctors" must eat before catching their train. And anyway the score suited them as it stood.

We were in good shape after the light work of the week before, and the men played the fastest game they have put up this year. The team work showed an improvement, and from the minute the whistle blew in the first half the only question the rooters could ask was: "How large will the score be?" On defence we had no chance to show what we could do as the "Medics" fumbled or mixed their signals so that they never gained an inch, in fact, lost ground every time they had the ball which, it must be mentioned in passing, was very seldom.

The game as a whole was a poor exhibition of football as it was played by only one team, the others simply filled in space. From two to four plays was all that was required for a touchdown. The most noticeable feature of the game was the speed of all, but especially the men who were drawn out of the line to carry the ball.

## FIRST HALF.

Mooney kicked off to McAvoy who returned the ball ten yards. In five plays we scored the first touchdown. Bracken going over. Draper kicked to the Medics, and in three minutes Bracken again went over; and then the race up and down the field began.

Silver received the next kick-off, and in two plays we scored for the third time, Silver running forty yards around left end. One touchdown followed another, every man on the team carrying the ball, and every man making a touchdown.

It took Captain Beacom just one minute to make the sixth score. Silver received the kick and returned the ball thirty yards. On the next play Beacom went around right end for a touchdown.

Draper kicked off and the ball went over the fence behind the goal and Sheehan fell on it for a touchdown.

The first half ended with the ball in our possession on the doctors' fifteen-yard line. The score, Notre Dame, 111; Medics, 0.

## SECOND HALF.

McGlew made several changes in the line-up for the second half: Watkins went in at centre, Sheehan going to full-back. W. Downs replaced Bracken at left half. M. Downs took Draper's place at right half. Joyce took Captain Beacom's place at left guard. Eggeman went in at Down's tackle. Mooney kicked off and Joyce fell on the ball. W. Downs fumbled, but the Medics could not gain, and on the first play M. Downs went around left end for a touchdown. Two plays were all that was required for the next score. Munson returned the ball forty yards. Sheehan bucked centre for twenty-five yards and a touchdown. McAvoy received the next kick and ran through the whole team for a touchdown. Sheehan received the kick off, returned thirty-five yards, and on the next play carried the ball over. Silver returned the next kick off twenty yards. W. Downs then went over for a touchdown in two plays. Silver ran through the whole team on the kick off, and made the last touchdown. The half ended with Silver's run.

Notre Dame (142)		American Medicals (0)
Callicrate	L E	Behrendt
Munson	L T	Irwin
Beacom	L G	Sparr
Sheehan-Watkins	C	Ecle
Donovan	R G	Denny
M. Downs-Joyce	R T	Rouley
McAvoy	R E	Trombley
Silver	Q B	Wittenberg
Bracken-W. Downs	L H	Dean
Draper-M. Downs	R H	Newman
W. Downs-Sheehan	F B	Mooney

Touchdowns—Bracken, 3; Silver, 3; McAvoy, 3; Beacom, 2; W. Downs, 4; Callicrate, Munson, 2; Donovan, 2; M. Downs, 2; Sheehan, 3; Draper, 2. Goals from touchdown—M. Downs, 4; McAvoy, 2; Draper. Safety touchdown—Beacom. Umpire—Purdy. Referee—Studebaker. Time of halves—Twenty five and eight minutes.

The scoring cataclysm with which the Notre Dame team swept away the team of the American College of Medicine and Surgery of Chicago last Saturday included twenty-seven touchdowns in the 142 points. The total distance gained by Notre Dame is not given, but experts figure out that Notre Dame rushed the ball a million miles to one inch for the other side. All point a minute performances were put in the shade. There were thirty-three minutes of play, which means  $4\frac{1}{3}$  points a minute. Yost's hurry up system is now a mere tortoise. There was one period of the game in which ten touchdowns were scored in eight minutes. That means  $7\frac{1}{2}$  points a minute. Whether or not the report that Notre Dame cultivated speed by racing with jack rabbits be true, it is said the play was so fast that the only time the spectators saw the players was before the game and between halves. — *New York Sun* (Oct. 31).

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"Bill" Downs was the "touchdown man." Besides dashing through the line and around the ends for gains, ranging from ten to sixty yards he made four touchdowns.

\* \*

"Bud" Sheehan, centre for the past three years, had the honor of making his first touchdowns for Notre Dame. Three times Sheehan carried the ball over and planted it between the posts. The way he tore through the line and raced around the ends reminded one of a benzine buggy driven by a champion chauffeur.

\* \*

Probably the best feature of the game was the speed displayed by the Varsity; and if they can hit up a gait like that against Indiana and Purdue the state championship will come home with them.

\* \*

Munson played left tackle in place of Funk who was out of the game because of an injury to his shoulder; and he put up the kind of game that stamps him as a "comer."

\* \*

Funk is in a suit again and will be in shape for the Indiana and Purdue games.

\* \*

Waldorf has been practising regularly in the back-field during the week and will probably start in the game against DePauw.

\* \*

Perhaps the easy way of naming the stars in the game would be to start in at left end with Callicrate and go through the entire team.

R. L. B.

## Card of Sympathy.

It is with sincere sorrow that we record the recent death of Mr. Ashton Byrns, who will be remembered by many as a former student of Carroll Hall. The deceased had been afflicted with pulmonary ailments which resulted in phthisis and occasioned his death—a very edifying one—in the hospital of Detroit, Michigan. Among his sorrowing friends at Notre Dame are his brother William Byrns of St. Edward's Hall, and his cousin, Edward Byrns of Holy Cross Seminary. In behalf of the numerous friends of the deceased and of the mourning relatives we beg to extend our heartfelt sympathy, and pray that the Almighty may permit the soul of the departed to rest in eternal peace.

## Local Items.

—You may get the dates for the coming events at Brother Leopold's.

—Found.—A watch fob. The owner may get same from prefect in Brownson study-hall.

—Lost.—A valuable gold scarf pin, set with diamond. Return to Room 40, Sorin Hall, and receive reward.

—What has become of the Gun Club that was organized in Sorin last year? Rabbits are coming into season and the laws on many of the feathered fowl are now ineffective. Dig up your "twusty wife" and get into line again.

—Very few students know that Sorin has a mascot. Nevertheless it has and a unique one at that. In the basement under the steps there is a small hole in the concrete, and in the hole dwells Sorin's mascot, a splendid specimen of the genus *Lacerta*.

—There is a move on foot among the Senior class men to issue a year book. The idea is a good one and should be encouraged. A book of this kind would be appreciated, and being practically a novelty would be a stimulus to college spirit which should always be kept in mind by the students.

—On Fridays, the bathing day for Brownsonites, there may be seen a fine aquatic exhibition in the pool. Among the feats performed are, swimming long distances under water, going up and down the pool as many times as possible (one swimmer went seventy-nine times), diving backwards, turning over in the air, diving for a rubber ball and the "Filipino jump."

—The serious treatment accorded a stray member of the feline tribe in Sorin Hall last week called forth an indignation meeting of certain gentle-hearted Sorinites. The

result of which was the formation of a society to be known as the co-operative alliance of the tender-hearted. Only two officers were elected, J. Francis Wheatler, President; and Tadis LeMont, Secretary. Another meeting will be held in the near future, and new applications considered.

—At a meeting of the Junior Law class held last Wednesday, the following officers were elected: President, Patrick M. Malloy, Salix, Iowa; Vice-President, Oscar A. Fox, Fort Wayne, Indiana; Secretary, T. Paul McGannon, Corning, New York; Treasurer, Walter L. Joyce, Ashland, Wisconsin; Class Orator, Gallitzen A. Farabaugh, Chambersburg, Penn.; Sergeant-at-Arms, Ralph T. Feig, Mishawaka, Indiana.

—The Brownson Literary and Debating Society held their third meeting last Thursday morning in the Columbian room. The president, Mr. Springer, who was absent from the last meeting, made a short speech of thanks before assuming his office. A committee was appointed during the week to draw up a constitution for the society. This constitution was read by the critic, Mr. Farabaugh, after which it was adopted. Although several of the members were absent the meeting was noteworthy on account of the enthusiasm of the Brownson Hall students who are looking forward with much interest to a debate with the well-known St. Joseph Society.

—Those who had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Farabaugh read in the Brownson dining-room during the retreat had an opportunity to see what a splendid accomplishment it is to be a good public reader. The ability to read selections for the entertainment of others is nowadays rarely found. Not because there is a dearth of elocutionary talent, but simply because this endowment is not cultivated. The practice of reading aloud for fifteen minutes daily would in a short time make most persons excellent readers. A volume of poems would furnish the most suitable matter for this exercise, for the reading of poetry gives to one's utterance that charm of expression of which Longfellow speaks in the lines:

To lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.

—When you beheld some two hundred candles burning on the high altar last Wednesday, did you for a minute think that although such a grand illumination occurs but very seldom in the Sacred Heart Church, still over twenty-six thousand candles are annually lit here before the throne of God? Although the total effect of this large sum would probably not be equal to the lighting power nightly used in both Corby and Sorin Halls, nevertheless it would take a skilled employee working

unceasingly at the lucrative salary of four dollars a day to keep Notre Dame supplied with candles. Yet there is hardly a more exemplary religious so mindful of his vow of poverty as is the nimble, old sacristan, Brother Benjamin. Few around here have been so long connected with this University; but who on seeing him busied with the care of two dozen altars would believe that ever-hale and cheerful man to be ready soon for admission into the ranks of the octogenarians?

—No doubt the Sorin and Corby students have been gazing with inquisitive eyes at the deep furrow that is being ploughed through their adjoining lawns. Let these nonplussed onlookers rest assured that this is no work of vandalism. A more far-seeing spectator has surveyed these very grounds months ago and discovered that the above-named dormitories could be still further improved by supplying them with ice-cold drinking water.

The improvement now undergoing completion which has excited no little curiosity, is a network of piping emanating from the deep, six-inch well in the Sisters' garden. Of course, the old, rusty, squeaking sentinels shall not be thrust aside, but shall be left their post not so much for fear of necessity, as for allowing former students to take an occasional hand-grasp to renew a serviceable friendship.

—It happened in the land of Sorinaan that Thammer was beloved of all his brethren, and as a sign of esteem they gave unto him a garment whose weave was of divers colors. Now it came to pass that Thammer, the esteemed one, was taken with an inordinate pride in his garment which in the language of men are called trousers. And he of the gaudy raiment had a dream, and being exceedingly puzzled by it he called his brethren around him and spoke to them thus: "It came to pass in the Land of Nod that broad fields and green hedges encompassed me around. The fields were gorgeous with lilies which in the curious orthoepy of Nod are called peacharenos. Being struck with their beauty I entered amongst them and behold they bowed unto the ground and saluted thus: 'Hail! Star of the East, thy beauty hath o'ershadowed us.'" And his brethren hearing this were exceedingly displeased and plotted against him. And it happened thus, that Ruben of Dennison coming up from behind laid violent hands upon the proud one, saying, "Why hast thou raised thyself above thy brethren?" And the proud one answering not, they fell upon him and rending his garment, they cast him into exterior darkness.

Moral.—Never wear trousers that are not pleasing in the sight of thy brethren.